

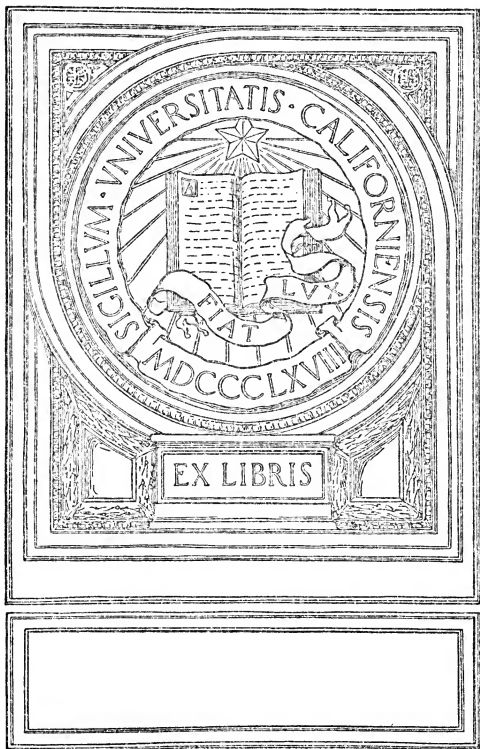
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OUR MARY ANNE.

A FARCE,

In One Act.

BY

JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE, Esq.

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

As performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY WITH REMARKS,
THE CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT,
SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS
OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING, BY PIERCE EGAN THE YOUNGER,
FROM A DRAWING TAKEN DURING THE REPRESENTATION.

LONDON :

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

954
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our

Dramatis Personae and Costume.

First performed, January 18, 1838.

COLONEL ALBERT. Riding-frock, with sable collar, travelling-cap, tight light pantaloons, hessian boots } Mr. COOPER.

JONATHAN TUNKS. White oldfashioned coat, trimmed with white buttons and broad lappels, long red waistcoat, white knee-breeches, large silver buckles, blue stockings, shoes and silver buckles, white laced neckcloth, flaxen wig, white hat and favour, white gloves } Mr. BUCKSTONE.

SOLOMON. Light blue oldfashioned coat, white double-breasted waistcoat, light blue knee-breeches, red stockings, black shoes and buckles, red wig, black hat, white favour } Mr. COMPTON.

THOMAS. Brown coat, white waistcoat, blue breeches, and male peasants similar dresses to Thomas and Solomon } Mr. MEARS.

ERNESTINE. First dress. Travelling cloak, riding hat and feather. Second dress. Hair dressed with blue ribbons, dark jacket, striped petticoat, light blue stockings, shoes and buckles } Mrs. TERNAN.

MARY ANNE. White muslin dress, white hat trimmed with white ribbons } Miss POOLE.

AUNT WINIFRED. Blue dress with black laced monte, red petticoat, bluestockings, shoes and buckles } Mrs. BRINDAL.

Female peasants in holiday dresses, wearing white favours and bouquets

Peasants, male and female

Scene—A village in Germany.

Time of representation, fifty minutes.

EXPLANATION OF STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance, left. R. first entrance, right. S. E. L., second entrance, left. S. E. R., second entrance, right. U. E. L., upper entrance, left. U. E. R., upper entrance, right. C., centre. L. C., left centre, R. C., right centre. T. E. L., third entrance, left. T. E. R., third entrance right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

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TO VINTAGE
JANUARY 1980

OUR MARY ANNE.

SCENE.—*A garden, gate, and iron railings at the back, in the distance the country—On R. H. 2 E., a farm-house—On L. H. 3 E. a cottage—A garden-gate, occupying the 2 E. L. H.*

Laughing heard, SOLOMON and THOMAS enter at the back, from R. H., with a party of peasants, male and female, all in holiday costume, and decorated with bouquets and white favours.

Sol. Come along, my friends, come along—it's almost time the happy couple were at church—what a beautiful morning for the wedding!—I hope the evening will be like it, for our dance on the lawn; then perhaps the little delicate girl, who will then be honoured by being my partner—may become my partner for life—who knows? eh? ha! ha! Now, where's Jonathan, he ought to be dressed by this time.

Tho. He invited me, and all of us, here to breakfast.

Sol. Did he, indeed?—how noble of him! he certainly has been very generous since he has been in love—but that always makes a change in one's disposition; for my part I have breakfasted, I was too hungry to wait.

Tho. Here's aunt Winifred.

Enter DAME WINIFRED, from R. H. cottage.

All. Ah, aunt! good morning, aunt.

Sol. How well you look, aunt!

Win. Now, my friends, my nephew, Jonathan, will soon be among you, he's just shaving, and has desired me to give you your breakfast, it's quite ready for you in the harbour—come, follow me.

Sol. How's Mary Anne, isn't she a little nervous?

Win. Not more than is becoming in a young girl, on such an occasion as being married.

Sol. She is also getting ready, I suppose?

Win. Yes; her two maids are with her, and we must be at the church in twenty minutes, so there is no time to lose—come along—stop—Solomon, Jonathan wants to speak to you, about something, very, very particular.

Sol. Then I'll wait here, because I've had my breakfast.

Win. Come along, my friends, we have no time to lose.

[WINIFRED, THOMAS, and all the party go off, R. H. 3 E.]

Sol. Jonathan wants to speak to me, very, very particular. Um! I don't know what to make of him, lately—since his wedding-day has been fixed, he seems to have something on his mind—to be sure, matrimony is a very great risk, and

enough to make the boldest heart a little fidgety—what is it he has to say, I wonder? surely he can't want to borrow any money?—if he *does*, he ought not to ask *me*, because I am his friend—people ought never to borrow money of a friend, it's not using him well—always apply to a man you don't care about, then if you never pay, there is no friendship sacrificed.

(JONATHAN *speaks within*, R. H. 2 E.)

Jon. I'm coming, Solomon, don't go away.

Sol. No, it must be something else he wants me for; for since his old father died he has succeeded to the stewardship of the colonel's estate here, and is very well to do; here he is.

Enter JONATHAN, from house, R. H. 2 E.

Jon. Now, Solomon, here I am—my friends are all at breakfast—and—oh dear—(*sighs.*)

Sol. What's the matter? are you frightened now you are really going to be married?

Jon. A little.

Sol. You love Mary Anne?

Jon. Yes.

Sol. And she loves you?

Jon. Yes.

Sol. Then what is the matter?

Jon. I have a great depression of spirits.

Sol. That you can't account for?

Jon. Oh yes, I *can*—I've something on my mind.

Sol. Ah! then confess it to *me*, and it may relieve you. What have you done? You didn't murder your father, I hope?

Jon. Lord, no! not so bad as that neither. I'll tell you, I've been wishing to unbosom myself to some tried friend for a long time, but hadn't the courage; and now, if I don't do so directly, I know I shall never have nerve to go through the events of this day.

Sol. Well!

Jon. You recollect Mr. Elverdink.

Sol. The old landlord of this estate?

Jon. Yes. He adopted a little girl—in short, our Mary Anne. Now, when he died, he left this property to Colonel Albert, provided he would marry Mary Anne when she grew up.

Sol. And did the colonel make this promise?

Jon. He did—and shortly after went into the army—Mr. Elverdink died; she was left to the care of Dame Winifred, who lives there, you know. (*pointing to L. H. cottage.*) Was never told of this matrimonial arrangement; it was kept quite a secret. And when my poor father, old Abel Tunks, approached his latter end, in giving the stewardship up to me, he told me of the colonel's promise.

Sol. And the colonel has never been here since his uncle died, and that is—

Jon. Ten years ago; and all we have heard of him is, that he's a very great and gay man, has obtained high rank in the army—that all the ladies are in love with him, and the

only recollection he has of this little estate is, that he don't forget to send to the bank, every half-year, for the proceeds of it, where my father regularly lodged it, during his stewardship, and where I for two years have done the same.

Sol. Of course.

Jon. Well, Mary Anne and I, having been playmates, gradually became sweethearts.

Sol. The natural course of things.

Jon. I am twenty-five, and that's a marriageable age in every country.

Sol. And Mary Anne is eighteen.

Jon. At last I fell so desperately in love with her, that I imprudently popped the question.

Sol. And she said yes.

Jon. Plump, at once. Now, as she never knew of the colonel's promise, and he, never having been near the place so long, and never having seen her, I thought I'd follow the dictates of my feelings and marry her myself.

Sol. Suppose he should come to claim her.

Jon. That's what's on my mind.

Sol. Oh, my dear friend, it's not likely. After living amongst such great people as he has been with, he'll never show his face here any more, as long as he punctually receives his rents.

Jon. You think so?

Sol. I do.

Jon. Then you *are* a good friend. Bless my life! now I have confided this secret to you, I feel quite another man—quite light-hearted again.

Sol. Make your mind easy.

Jon. I will. Lord! what a fool I've been, to worry myself. He'll never come here again. *He'll* never think of a little country-girl like Mary Anne.

Sol. Never.

Jon. Never! Now I shall be married in peace. What a thing it is to have a friend to advise with! I'll never raise your rent again as long as I live—never! (*noise without.*) Hush! here is the party—now, Solomon, mum.

Sol. Don't fear me.

Re-enter DAME WINIFRED, and all the party, 3 E.

Win. Now, nephew, your friends have breakfasted, and it's quite time to go.

Jon. (*calling at L. H. cottage.*) Mary Anne! are you ready?

Mar. Yes, Jonathan.

MARY ANNE enters with two bridemaids, from cottage L. H.

Jon. Here she is. How nice you do look!—so do I—don't I?

Mar. Very nice.

Jon. Oh! what a happy fellow I am, eh! Solomon? Now,

Thomas, offer your arm to Mary Anne, and conduct her to church. Solomon, will you stay and take care of the house?

Sol. Certainly.

Jon. We shan't be long. The ceremony is sooner gone through than the consequences of it got rid of, you know. Come along. Now, aunt, take my bachelor's arm, for the last time—forward to the nuptials.

[*THOMAS and MARY ANNE, JONATHAN and WINIFRED, followed by the party, go off at gate, and turn R. H.*]

Sol. I thought that Jonathan had something on his mind; but he needn't worry himself. The colonel made the promise when he never thought to be such a great man as he is now; and when people get up in the world, it's astonishing how it impairs one's memory. Hollo! a travelling carriage?—it stops here. (*looking off, L. H. U. E.*) Who can this be?—a lady alights—a very fine lady, too—who can she be?

Enter ERNESTINE in a travelling-dress, by the gate at back, L. H.

Ern. I beg your pardon, my friend. This, I believe, is Golden Green, the estate of Colonel Albert?

Sol. Yes, madam.

Ern. Is he here?

Sol. No, madam—hasn't been here for many years.

Ern. Can I speak to his representative?

Sol. Yes, madam.

Ern. Where is he?

Sol. Here, madam.

Ern. Are you the steward?

Sol. I stand in the steward's shoes, just now, because I'm taking care of his house. Do you particularly wish to see him?

Ern. Most particularly.

Sol. Can't just now, madam; because he is most particularly engaged, and *mustn't* be disturbed.

Ern. Indeed!

Sol. Yes, madam, he is being married; and a man is never disturbed at a moment like that, because it may be the only quiet one he may ever have after.

Ern. If I wait till the ceremony is over, can you accommodate me with an apartment?

Sol. You can walk in there, madam, if you like; (*pointing to L. H. cottage*;) you'll find nobody at home, for they are all at the wedding.

Ern. I thank you.

Sol. And, in the mean time, I'll go and tell Jonathan a lady wants him on very particular business: it's your own, I suppose, madam?

Ern. It is.

Sol. I thought so. When people want to see you on particular business, you may be pretty certain the particular business is entirely their own.

[*Exit SOLOMON at the back, and turns to R. H.*]

Ern. Well, this is a strange impulse to which I have so readily yielded; if my friends knew of my little act of folly, they would indeed shake their wise heads, and wonder what had possessed mine.—My uncle, too, would never forgive me.—But now that I have entered upon my whim, I have resolved most courageously to proceed with it.—My uncle meets with a Colonel Albert—he is described to me as a soldier of rank and fortune, and a most eligible match—it is named to the colonel, —who, without condescending to see me, rejects the proposition in a most determined manner—raves about a rustic beauty to whom in boyhood he was betrothed, and regarding whom his conscience tells him he has been most shamefully indifferent. Now, with the usual perversity of human nature, I am most anxious to see and become acquainted with this colonel, and revenge myself for the slight he has put upon me; a widow of good fortune, and a few personal pretensions, is not to be slighted so cavalierly by the best colonel that ever strutted in regimentals.

Sol. (*without.*) Here she is, come along.

Enter SOLOMON bringing in JONATHAN, R. through gate.

Jon. It's all over, I'm a married man; and every body is so happy, that I've left them all crying their eyes out in the churchyard; go back to them, and say, that I shall be with them again directly, to take a quiet walk after so much excitement. Is that the lady who wants me?

Sol. Yes.

Jon. Away with you, and tell them to wait till I come.

[*Exit SOLOMON through gate, 2 L.*]

Who is she, and what does she want, I wonder?

Ern. Are you the colonel's steward?

Jon. Yes, madam; Jonathan Tunks, son of Abel Tunks, who held that high office for many years; he is dead, I'm alive, and in his place.

Ern. You are just married, I hear.

Jon. Yes, madam. I've just been bound in Hymen's rosy chain; we poor people, you know, have our weaknesses as well as bettermost folk.

Ern. I wish you every happiness.

Jon. Same to you, ma'am, whether you're married or single.

Ern. Your choice is some young peasant, I presume.

Jon. Yes, ma'am; only eighteen, no relations, no mother—no brothers—no sisters—no marrying a whole family for me. Oh, no! never do that ma'am, never do *that*.

Ern. Has your master written that he intends to make a visit here?

Jon. Eh!

Ern. Are you aware that your master is coming here?

Jon. Lord! no—he—he can't mean it.

Ern. He has already left Paris, and is on his road here.

Jon. You don't say so!

Ern. 'Tis most likely that he will arrive to-day.

Jon. Oh! I am annihilated—

Ern. What is the matter? you seem excited.

Jon. Yes, I am a little; it's the effect of the weather—the weather's so close—coming here! Oh, good heavens! are you his wife? (*eagerly.*)

Ern. Oh, no! he's a perfect stranger to me.

Jon. Is he married?

Ern. He is not married; of that I *can* assure you. I merely wish to remain here till his arrival; your friend informed me that I might rest for a short time in that cottage.

Jon. O yes, you may; don't notice me—are you sure he is coming?

Ern. Certain.

Jon. I'm a murdered man; go, if you please, make yourself quite at home.

[*He remains in a fit of abstraction, ERNESTINE goes to the gate, and beckons on a female servant, who carries a parcel.*]

Ern. (*returns, looks at JONATHAN.*) A very odd little fellow—surely he has not been dishonest, and afraid to meet his master? Now for my project.

[*Exit into cottage, L. H., followed by servant.*]

Jon. I feel as if an avalanche of tiles and chimney-pots had fallen over me—the colonel coming here, and on the very morning that I have married his Mary Anne—he can't call her his Mary Anne *now*, because she's *mine*—lawfully and bonâ fide *mine*—yet she was promised to *him*, before she promised herself to *me*, then perhaps after all she may be his Mary Anne—but I am her husband! Her husband—aha—no getting over that—at all events, my claim must be considered a little—then at present it must remain in this position—she must be *our* Mary Anne—zounds, that sounds like a partnership—I'm bewildered—I don't know what to think or do—but he won't come, the lady must be mistaken—I'm frightened at a shadow. Ha! ha! ha! he won't come. Ha! ha! (*noise of a carriage.*) Eh? a carriage—holloa! holloa! It stops—here—servants—a gentleman—I'm petrified!

[*COLONEL ALBERT enters through gate R. H. JONATHAN tears the white favour from his hat, and puts it in his pocket.*]

Col. Take out the horses, and put them in the stable there. Ah, with what pure delight do I once again behold this charming spot—the little cottage of my uncle, the dear scene of my boyish days—where I used to tumble into ditches and have my ears pulled—sweet recollections!

Jon. That's he, sure enough!

Col. Ah, Jonathan, my dear friend—you are Jonathan, I presume?

Jon. Yes, sir.

Col. At length you behold your long absent master.

Jon. Delighted to see you, sir. (*aside.*) What a hypocrite I am!

Col. You have succeeded to your poor father, I hear? good fellow. I have now a perfect recollection of your youthful

honest face—excellent servant that you are—you are a treasure—a treasure. (*shaking JONATHAN cordially by the hand.*)

Jon. Here's a situation I am in! (*aside.*) I must face it out. So, sir, you've been in the wars, eh? dreadful things these battles—you've known what it is to have a bullet whiz by your ear, eh? (*aside.*) If one had but popp'd into it now—he never would have come back then.

Col. Yes, Jonathan, since you last beheld me, I have faced death in a thousand shapes. I have seen the world—have learned to despise its glittering gauds; and now, my wearied heart, turns in fondness to the dear spot of my youthful days—how delicious are all its old familiar scenes to me!—and how delicious will be my meeting with the queen of this pastoral region—my own betrothed Mary Anne!—Where is she, Jonathan?

Jon. Oh! she's about somewhere—I know she's not at home now.

Col. How weary I am of the meretricious charms of polish'd society—the rouged cheek—the pencilled eyebrow—the vermillioned lip that it is utterly impossible to kiss.—Oh, Jonathan, pure nature after all is only to be loved and prized, go—go—and send her!

Jon. Who? our Mary Anne?

Col. Our Mary Anne? How familiar—how natural is the expression—how it illustrates home and friendship, and every social delight—tell me, Jonathan, is she handsome? have years fulfilled the promise of beauty, that her sweet infancy made? she is lovely, is she not?

Jon. Why—pretty well—she's not ugly—nor is she so mighty beautiful—she is a—you know what I mean?

Col. Yes—yes—perfectly. Ah, you rogue, she is an angel! you know she is—and you are preparing a delightful little surprise for me—where does she reside?

Jon. There, along with aunt Winifred. (*pointing L. H.*)

Col. In my dear old uncle's cottage.

Jon. Aunt has brought her up.

Col. Dear creature—filled her heart with fine primitive notions, no doubt.

Jon. Yes—she is a little prim—in her notions.

Col. Where is she, Jonathan?

Jon. Eh!—Oh!—I forgot—she's gone to the fair.

Col. To the fair?

Jon. You know it, you used to go to it when a boy—once made yourself ill with gingerbread there.

Col. Run and tell her I'm arrived.

Jon. Run sir—it's six miles—six mortal miles!

Enter SOLOMON, running from gate, R.

Sol. Marian wants to know—

Jon. (*c.*) Silence—donkey!

Col. Ha! is she here?

Sol. (*confused.*) No—yes—no.

Jon. (*aside to SOLOMON.*) 'Tis the colonel!

Sol. (*alarmed.*) No!

Jon. Yes;—don't tell Mary Anne.

Sol. Oh!

Jon. Arn't I in a hobble? (*COLONEL crossing to SOLOMON.*)

Col. You mentioned the name of Mary Anne.

Sol. I only said—

Col. What, sir?

Jon. (*shakes his head at SOLOMON.*)

Sol. She wanted to know—

Col. What, sir?

Sol. That is, when I saw her last week—she wanted to know—
—if—if—twice four wasn't eight?

Col. Fool! (*throwing him off, and turning to JONATHAN.*) Tell me, sir, (*SOLOMON runs off alarmed, at back,*) there is some mystery in her absence—if you dare to trifle with me, I'll kill you on the spot!

Jon. Oh!

Col. Explain!

Jon. Well, sir—I will—she's like me, very nervous—very startlish—and being told all at once—of your sudden arrival—may be too much for her—so—I—I—wish her to know of it by instalments.

Col. (*violently.*) Where is she?

Jon. She is at a wedding, sir—

Col. A wedding—who is married?

Jon. If you please, sir—it's me.

Col. You! I wish you every joy, my good fellow—now your nervous excitement is explained—I hope you'll introduce me to your wife.

Jon. I shall be proud of the honour, (*aside,*) and take to my heels the next minute.

Col. Return, I beg, to your blushing bride—the duties that may be due to me, shall not to-day interfere with your happiness—return to the future partner of your days—and send our Mary Anne to me—tell her—that I am impatient to fold her in my arms.

Jon. Yes, sir; I'll run—I shall never be able to tell him—what shall I do?

Col. Why don't you go?

Jon. Yes, sir; yes, sir—I'm going, sir. (*aside.*) I'll do something dreadful.

[*As the COLONEL turns to survey the cottage, on the L. H., JONATHAN runs into farm-house, L. H.*]

Col. Let me contemplate the happy home of her youth—the spot where her charms—her natural graces, have developed themselves.

[*JONATHAN reappears from farm-house, with a large pistol in his hand, which he puts to his ear, and rushes off wildly, R. H. 1 E.*]

Col. Dear Mary Anne—how often in my wildest hours have

I thought of you—and my eyes have filled with unrestrained tears, as I have dwelt upon your orphan lot.

[*He turns towards R. H., with a sentimental air—ERNESTINE appears in the dress of a German peasant, from cottage on L. H.; crosses behind to R. H., comes down on that side, and meets the COLONEL.*]

Ha! my pretty one—'tis Mary Anne! my heart tells me 'tis she!—Hem! I beg your pardon, my dear, is that cottage the place of your residence?

Ern. Yes, sir, for the present.

Col. It is my Mary Anne—she is lovely—all that my fancy anticipated—allow the companion of your childhood to fold you to his heart. You look surprised. Do you not know your Albert—your own betrothed?

Ern. Are you Albert?

Col. I am that happy man. Happy, because he looks upon beauty that will soon be all his own. Pray forgive my apparent neglect; for though the world has occupied much of my time, my thoughts have often dwelt with fondness upon you. Don't retreat from me; but I forget—you are nervous.

Ern. I confess I feel a little embarrassment at meeting you; for though we might have been playmates in our youth, yet your long absence, makes you almost a stranger to me.

Col. How well she expresses herself—you remember me, don't you?

Ern. I think I do.

Col. I used to bring you birds' nests, and make faces at you. to frighten you—

Ern. Till one day you went away—

Col. To finish my education, and enter the army.

Ern. You've been very brave, I hear, and have gained honour and promotion.

Col. Yes, dear. (*aside.*) What a love it is!

Ern. And have since been much among fine ladies. How I should like to be a fine lady!

Col. You are happier as you are, dear Mary Anne.

Ern. Oh! but to be a fine lady must be so delightful. To wear whatever you please—to walk upon soft carpets in beautiful rooms—have servants to wait upon you—and eat and drink every thing nice. I like good eating and drinking.

Col. What delicious candour!

Ern. Then think of riding in your own carriage—of going to balls—of dancing and being admired—to hear sweet music—and talk to people that can understand all one's thoughts and feelings—which is not the case in the country here. People are so stupid.

Col. What a mind she has, and how it's striving to burst the trammels of a limited knowledge of the world!

Ern. How delightful it must be to meet with friends who can explain all one is longing to understand—who can talk of the earth—of the sky—the beautiful stars—the sweet moonlight—the voice of the breeze as it comes whispering in one's

ear at the evening hour—of the dews of night—and of the dazzling sun-showers in spring—which when I notice here, the only reply I can get is, “How it will bring up the turnips!”

Col. What an illustration of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, she is naturally accomplished—do you love dancing?

Ern. Oh! I wish I were a wave of the sea, that I might dance for ever.

Col. Sweet idea! and you love reading?

Ern. I have read the Sorrows of Werter, twenty times.

Col. And music?

Ern. Oh, don't mention music, you should hear me play the flagelet.

Col. Indeed! Who would be educated, when nature alone bestows such divine inspirations; knowledge is delicious when we seek it of our own accord—but when it is flogged into us, then we prefer being ignorant.—Oh, Mary Anne, if you have once thought that I have neglected you, you are now well revenged, for you have entirely subdued me, and I feel at last that I am madly in love.

Ern. With whom?

Col. With you! Have I awakened a sympathy in your heart?

Ern. Do you admire candour?

Col. Adore it.

Ern. Well, then, I freely confess, that I have never yet seen one, who, in so short an interview, has so pleased me as yourself! I may have had slight fancies for others.

Col. Ah!

Ern. Don't be jealous—I hate jealousy—and if when I am better acquainted with you, I think that you *improve* on acquaintance, I have no doubt that I shall not find it a difficult matter to love you heartily—there's candour for you—and now, as I find I am covered with blushes, I'm sure you will be charitable enough to let me hide them for a few minutes. (*runs off*, L. H. 2 E.)

Col. (*in astonishment.*) What an extraordinary girl!—what candour—what natural nobility of soul—what a mingling of the notions of high life, with the simplicity of pastoral existence! I'm in love, I know I am; I am full of all the symptoms. Oh, shade of my uncle!—

Enter JONATHAN, very pale, R. H. 1 E.

Jon. I can't shoot myself, I have tried half a dozen times but I can't—so I've thrown away the pistol, and have come back to confess all.

Col. My dear friend, what is the matter with you?

Jon. My good master, I am a scoundrel, the worst of the worst. (*aside.*) I shall never be able to tell him.

Col. You surely are not afraid to introduce your wife to me—do not, my dear Jonathan, judge of my principles, by those of others of my rank. If your wife is beautiful as an angel, my

morals are unexceptionable—besides I've seen our Mary Anne.

Jon. Eh! seen—our—Ma-ry Anne?

Col. Yes, I have seen her. She was at first as you prepared me to find her, a little nervous, but now we understand one another excellently well.

Jon. Understand one another! (*aside.*) That villain, Solomon, has told her, and she has scampered here to get a peep at the Colonel.

Col. I am delighted with her, she is charming—charming!

Jon. He has said charming twice.—And did she tell you?—Oh, no! she hasn't told him or he would not be so civil.

Col. Told me of what?

Jon. Oh! nothing particular.

Col. (*confidentially.*) She has told me that she loves me.

Jon. Eh?

Col. Yes, my dear fellow, she loves me.

Jon. And—she has told—you—so?

Col. In a manner the most simple, and yet the most delightful.

Jon. (*aside.*) That's just the way she told me so.

Col. What a fine natural education she has, what principles!

Jon. Very—to fall in love with another man on her wedding-day. (*aside.*)

Col. Such candour—I want to see her again.

Jon. Oh! you want to see her again!

Col. Another interview will confirm my bliss.

Jon. Confirm his bliss!

Col. I must see her again, I can't live another moment without her. (*COL. is going L. H., and JONATHAN closely following him.*)

Jon. I must stick up a little for my—

Col. (*turning sharply on him.*) Where are you coming, sir?

Jon. After you.

Col. Remain you here, sir. How dare you follow me? Remain you here, I command you. [*Exit by garden gate, L. H.*]

Jon. I wish I could have shot myself. I should have been quiet now. Oh, that Solomon!—I'll shoot him instead. I will do something. If the colonel sees my wife again, she may tell him she is married—perhaps not—she may be cunning enough to think it may be better not. But whether he knows it, or he don't know it, I'm in an awful hobble. How my head does ache and throb! What shall I do? (*he paces the stage in despair.*)

MARY ANNE enters.

Mar. (*comes down, L.*) Here you are at last, sir. Very pretty manners, to leave me so long on my wedding-day! Here have we been waiting for you in the churchyard for half an hour. Perhaps, now I'm your wife, you already repent having married me?

Jon. (*aside.*) I do, indeed.

Mar. Directly the ceremony was over, off you ran. If you begin to neglect me already, what must I expect in a month or two?

Jon. Expect in a month or two! What ought your conduct to lead you to expect?

Mar. Oh! Jonathan, what's the matter with you? You are as pale as death—and what do you mean by my conduct?

Jon. Go along—I am ashamed of you. I could never have believed it of a little girl like you—you, that I thought the most virtuous—the most—oh!

Mar. What do you mean?

Jon. You know what I mean—the colonel—

Mar. Well, what of him?

Jon. He has arrived.

Mar. I know it.

Jon. Solomon told you. (*aside.*) I'll murder him. You've seen the colonel?

Mar. I'm sure I have not.

Jon. Oh! what a—well, I never!—Here's cool impudence! Oh! these women, these women!

Mar. Upon my honour!

Jon. Your honour!—where is it? Go away, go away—don't come near me! Go and understand the colonel—go!

Enter SOLOMON at the back, JONATHAN seizes him.

Villain! you have betrayed me.—You, that I thought my friend!—you, that I confessed all to!—never mind—I'll double your rent—I'll be revenged! As for you, Mrs. Tunks—come along with me.

Mar. Oh! don't be so violent—Jonathan, now—

Jon. Come along with me—no more colonels—you've cut me to the core. Come to your aunt; she will teach you your duty to your husband. Come, Mary Anne, come. (*JONATHAN drags her off at back, at gate turn R. H.*)

Sol. Double my rent, will he? I don't see so much harm in having told Mary Anne of the colonel's arrival. I've kept his secret safe enough. I might have told that if I had liked. What ingratitude! Double my rent, will he? Now, I'll be spiteful, and tell all—I'll be hanged if I don't.

Re-enter COLONEL ALBERT, L. H. 2 E.

Col. I'm a happy fellow!—she loves me!—I've seen her again, and she loves me. She says she has something to confess before she consents to marry me, and requests a previous five minutes to herself. What can it be! Surely there can be no provincial sweetheart, that, in the natural philanthropy of her soul, she may have encouraged! Zounds! if I thought that—ha! this bumpkin here!—I'll sound him. My friend!

(*beckons SOLOMON.*)

Sol. Sir!

Col. When I had last the pleasure of an interview with you, you were about to allude to Mary Anne.

Sol. I was, sir.

Col. Are you acquainted with her?

Sol. Bless you, yes! I've played at kiss in the ring with her an hundred times.

Col. Indeed! were you ever so favoured as to be allowed a salute?

Sol. Oh, yes; she used to fight and pull my hair; but after kissing her nose and her ear, I managed somehow to get to her lips at last.

Col. I don't like to hear this; yet in pastoral life these little pleasures are pure enough. Well, well, I pass that over. She has ever been considered a well-conducted girl?

Sol. Oh, yes; I never heard any harm of her.

Col. Has she had many lovers?

Sol. Oh, yes, dozens!

Col. And has rejected them all, of course?

Sol. Not all.

Col. Oh, then—then there has been a favoured one?

Sol. Very much favoured.

Col. Ah! but all in innocence, I hope?

Sol. I don't know what you call innocence; I only know she has married one of them.

Col. Married! what do you mean?

Sol. I mean, that she has a husband.

Col. Our Mary Anne?

Sol. Our Mary Anne.

Col. Good heavens! who is her husband?

Sol. Jonathan Tunks.

Col. What, my steward?—has he dared? When were they married?

Sol. This morning.

Col. Oho! this, then, is the real cause of that scoundrel's wild looks and agitation; this is the confession that Mary Anne wants five minutes to prepare for making. That I should have been so deceived. Is there no truth to be found in the world? Thank you, my friend, for your information. You are a tenant on this estate?

Sol. Yes, sir.

Col. Henceforth, you live rent free.

Sol. Tol-de-rol-de-rol,—who cares for the man when he can have a friend in the master?

Col. Go, my friend, go.

Sol. Any where you please, sir. Huzza, I'm rent free! Now, Mr. Tunks, what becomes of your threat? tol-de-lol-lol, I'm rent free—rent free and independent. (*dances off at back.*)

Enter ERNESTINE, at gate, L. H. 2 E.

Ern. I have made up my mind to remove his error—it is ungenerous to deceive him further.

Col. Well, Mary Anne, you've had your five minutes to yourself; what is the result?

Ern. A determination to tell a little truth.

Col. I'm happy that I've not been deceived in my idea of your candour—

Ern. You have made me an offer of your hand?

Col. I have—in obedience to the wish of my poor uncle—

Ern. Without any reference to the dictates of your heart?

Col. I confess freely, when I beheld you, that my heart had no little share in the act of obedience I came here to perform. I should be a dissembler, were I to deny, that you have not interested me. Indeed, I may say, that a few minutes since, I really loved you.

Ern. And was your love so light, that a few minutes only could see it disappear?

Col. Permit me to take your hand? your left hand.

Ern. (*aside.*) Now for the discovery!

Col. (*takes her left hand and immediately lets it fall.*) You haven't played at kiss in the ring for nothing.

Ern. Kiss in the ring! (*aside.*) I am a widow, and that is a delicate allusion to the fact. May I be allowed to ask you a question?

Col. With pleasure.

Ern. Did a certain friend of yours ever name a niece that he wished you to marry?

Col. How could she have heard of that? (*aside.*) Oh, yes.

Ern. You rejected the proposal?

Col. I did.

Ern. And without condescending to see the lady?

Col. Precisely.

Ern. May I ask why you would not see her?

Col. I was afraid.

Ern. Of what?

Col. Of marrying a widow. If a man would not be a slave, he would avoid a widow.

Ern. (*piqued.*) Indeed, sir—and if a woman would not be a slave, she should never permit herself to be compelled to marry.

Col. Now she's coming to her confession—I am to understand you do not love me?

Ern. I am still candid enough to acknowledge my love will ever equal yours.

Col. You speak of compulsion in accepting my hand: allow me to say I release you from every obligation.

Ern. And without a pang to your own heart?

Col. Pray let me keep the knowledge of a great weakness to myself—but why this duel of words? when first I beheld you I considered you free—I looked upon you as my own—there was an air, a manner about you that attracted me, and at once I loved—and that is the healthiest plant of affection that suddenly takes root, whatever your advocates for long courtships may say.

Ern. Undeceive yourself, colonel, I am free.

Col. What?

Ern. Perfectly free.

Col. Perfectly free? Jonathan Tunks—some one send Jonathan Tunks to me.

Enter JONATHAN at the back.

Jon. I never could have believed it of our Mary Anne; and to stick to her falsehood in such a barefaced manner. Oh! dreadful!—shocking!

Col. Oh, sir; you are come most apropos—so you are married it seems.

Jon. I can bear my guilt no longer—I must tell all—yes, sir—I am, sir.

Col. Well!

Jon. Well!

Col. Why don't you introduce me to your wife?

Jon. Because you have introduced yourself already.

Col. Are you aware that I could punish you both.

Jon. It's not hanging, is it?

Col. Will you resign her?

Jon. I suppose I can't if I would.

Col. (to ERNESTINE.) And you, what shall be said of you—that such dissimulation should exist in this pastoral spot?—But I'll be charitable—poor human nature requires many allowances to be made for her—give me your hand—*(takes the hand of ERNESTINE)*—I ought to be indignant, but in regard to the secret struggles that both of you must have endured, I will be indulgent, for I have been a little to blame—I ought not to have been absent so long. *(taking JONATHAN's hand, and placing it in ERNESTINE's.)* There, I forgive you, you love one another. Be happy—be happy. *(rushes off, R. H. 1 E.; JONATHAN and ERNESTINE look at one another in astonishment.)*

Jon. Here! hollo! come back, here's some mistake.

Ern. Call him back—call him back!

Re-enter the COLONEL.

Col. (coming between them.) Before I leave you for ever, take a word of advice from one who is well acquainted with the world—

Enter MARY ANNE at back, crying, followed by AUNT WINIFRED SOLOMON, THOMAS, and the peasants.

Mar. (running to JONATHAN, and putting her arms round his neck, JONATHAN at same moment looking most ruefully at the COLONEL.) Ob, Jonathan, how can you treat me in this manner?

Jon. (crying.) You see, sir—you see—this is the way we got into this delicate position.

Col. Who is that young lady?

Jon. Our Mary Anne—your Mary Anne, that ought to be.

Sol. Lawful wife of Jonathan Tunks.

Jon. And now, sir, cut my throat, and put me out of my misery, for you know every thing.

Col. What does all this mean—who do I behold in you? *(to ERNESTINE.)*

Ern. The niece of your friend, the general—whose proposal in my behalf you so disdainfully rejected.

Col. (falling on his knee to ERNESTINE.) Forgive me! For-

give me! Widow as you *are*, and slave as I *may* be, I love you well enough to brave every danger for you.

Ern. You are betrothed.

Col. To Mary Anne—(*looking for an instant at MARY ANNE*)—Jonathan, my dear friend, keep her—keep her—you are heartily welcome to her.

Jon. Am I? Oh, *tol-de-rol-lol.* (*dancing with joy.*)

Col. Allow me to present Mrs. Tunks, with my uncle's little estate as her dower.

Jon. There. (*embraces MARY ANNE.*)

Sol. Please to remember the incumbrance. I am reut free, you know, sir.

Col. Yes, my friend, yes. Now, madam—(*to ERNESTINE.*)

Ern. My revenge is indeed complete. Well, colonel, though it is in my power to retaliate and reject you, yet we are taught to return good for evil, and there's my hand. (*she presents her hand to COLONEL, who kisses it.*)

Jon. Now, I am safe out of my hobble. Huzza! huzza! yet one little anxiety still remains. (*to the audience.*) May I hope that after all the worry of mind I have endured this day, you will make me completely happy, by giving one smile of favour on "Our Mary Anne."

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS.

PEASANTS.

PEASANTS.

SOLOMON. MARY ANNE. JONATHAN. COLONEL. ERNESTINE. THOMAS. WINIFRED.

R.

L.



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